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Felix Topolski

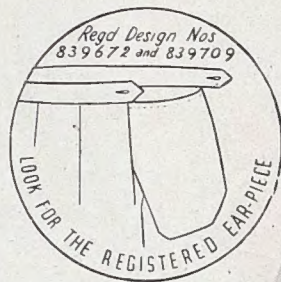
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John Vickers

Anne Ziegler in "The Vagabond King" Revival

Anne Ziegler is to take the part of Lady Katherine in *The Vagabond King*, which Mr. Tom Arnold is reviving at the Winter Garden Theatre tomorrow, April 22. *The Vagabond King*, with Mr. Derek Oldham in the name part, was first produced at this theatre in 1927. It was tremendously successful and ran for 500 performances. Based on Justin Huntly McCarthy's *If I Were King*, with music by Rudolph Friml, *The Vagabond King*, with its haunting melodies, should prove as successful as ever. The present production gives Miss Ziegler her first starring role. Her husband, Webster Booth, is taking the part of François Villon, with Syd Walker as Guy Tabarie, Tessa Deane as Huguette and Henry Baynton as Louis XI.



New Zealanders in Cairo

Mr. Frederick Jones (centre), New Zealand Defence Minister, was in the Middle East before coming to England to visit N.Z. troops here. Above he is with Lady Freyberg and a soldier compatriot at the N.Z. Forces Club, Cairo



W.A.V.E.S. and W.R.N.S. in London

Mrs. James V. Forrestal, wife of the Secretary of the U.S. Navy, and Civilian Adviser to the W.A.V.E.S., in this country to study the work of the W.R.N.S., visited their headquarters with Mrs. V. Laughton Mathews, C.B.E., Director of the W.R.N.S. since April, 1939



Recent Arrivals in England

Baron and Baroness James H. de Rothschild, who escaped in December from occupied France, arrived recently in London. The Baron has offered his services to General de Gaulle, and his two daughters, Nicole and Monique, are also taking up work for the Fighting French



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Finale

ROMMEL's retreat to his defensive positions in the tip of Tunisia was quicker than most people expected. But no quicker than General Montgomery himself believed. From the moment the Eighth Army Commander turned the Mareth Line he knew instinctively what Rommel would do. Since then he has given him no rest and has forced him from one position after another. Therefore we are about to see the finale. Those who believed that Tunisia will not be cleared for some time have now revised their estimates by half. Accepting General Montgomery's infectious optimism, I believe that the end is very near. So does Rommel. His sudden flight to Italy for a conference with Field-Marshal Keitel and Admiral Doenitz is significant. Whatever orders he may have received from them, Rommel knows what is going to happen. He is going to be blitzed day and night, hour by hour, minute by minute. This is a new type of warfare for Rommel. He is a General who has gloried in movement and speed. Now he has to stand and face an onslaught which words cannot describe.

It is no good comparing the last stand at Tunisia with Stalingrad. Most of the troops in the tip of Tunisia have been retreating ever since November. They know by bitter experience the power of the Eighth Army, which is now reinforced by the strength of all the other armies in Tunisia. In Stalingrad the Germans had been advancing. They were holding something they had won. In Tunisia they are clinging on to something they know they must lose. Obviously Rommel's orders are to gain time; to delay the Allied victory as long as he can. To do this he will require more than cunning. He will need the courage and co-operation of all who serve under him.

Oil

THINGS are comparatively quiet in Russia. The Germans are licking their wounds and reorganising. The Russians are preparing to face another onslaught. Views vary as to how long this lull will last. To Hitler, the Russians represent his biggest problem on the Continent of Europe. When he thinks of them there is no doubt that he sees red. They have defied his hordes and they have made him angry. Not only that, they have held him up to ridicule by showing the world that the Nazified German Army is not invincible. If Hitler has any power left he will want to return to the scene of his mistakes with the object of getting even with Stalin. There are indications that before very long Hitler may risk all in another massive offensive against the Russians. He may aim at Moscow, but Caucasia really means more to him. In Caucasia there is oil, and oil is what Hitler needs most.

At the outset of the war there were some hasty forecasts about Germany's oil supplies. They were wide of the mark and, therefore, one is hesitant in accepting any further evidence on this point. But the conviction has grown in high places lately that Hitler is in sore need of oil, and that this lack is his greatest problem. Apart from this, when Hitler does mount another massive offensive in Russia it cannot be on the same scale as his previous efforts. His man-power has been reduced, and so have his reserves of war material. He also knows

that his industrial plant has been so much interrupted that if the offensive fails he cannot look forward to the same flow of supplies.

Politics

I SHOULD have liked to have been present when Hitler and Mussolini met. To have looked into their eyes would have been more eloquent to me than listening to their conversation. The scene must have been like the meeting of two crooked gamblers whose "get-rich-quick" system had gone wrong. They started with a plentiful supply of chips and the wheel was running in their favour. But time has been against them, and they have had to admit to themselves and to the world that there is "peril" facing them and their system in Europe. All hope of great riches has disappeared; there is no glitter of a golden future ahead of them. I can imagine the pale and flabby face of Mussolini matching the pasty countenance of the boasting Hitler, for whom he sold out the security and peace and prosperity of Italy. There was a time, not many years ago, when Mussolini was in the good books of Britain, the United States and France. He occupied a position of some strength, inasmuch as Britain and France sent their Prime Ministers to Stresa to meet him to talk about putting Hitler in his place and keeping him there. Mussolini must have thought of those days when he had real power.

Propaganda

IT is suggested that Mussolini insisted on meeting Hitler this time to plead for his aid. I wonder if the Duce took the opportunity to complain about the consistency with which German soldiers retreat and leave the Italians in the lurch. This is one of the reasons why Italy has lost most of its army. There are other reasons for Mussolini to complain about German treatment, but what is the use of a dependant complaining? Mussolini has nothing to offer save his agreement to any communiqué which Hitler dictates. The Duce may have asked for the meeting, but Hitler wanted it so that he could continue the pretence that the Axis is united and firm. To a people doped as are the Germans such a communiqué may give some particles of fresh hope. It is the type of propaganda they like, because it appears to contain some facts. The people of Italy, however, will not be fooled. They know that there is little hope. They have lost, and if one accepts the opinions of those lately visiting Italy all they want is the end. It cannot come too quickly for them.

Defence

ALTHOUGH it has been reported that Hitler promised all possible aid in the defence of Italy, I doubt whether this will be forthcoming. Italy presents a difficult defensive problem, requiring masses of men and materials, and there is little prospect of any help from the people themselves. It would not surprise me if Hitler does leave Italy in the lurch, as his soldiers have continually deserted their Italian comrades on the battlefield. Hitler's problem is to save himself, and like any other gangster he is not interested in anybody else's fate. There is a natural defensive line for him at the Alps, which leaves him comparatively free to watch his "under-belly" and guard the west.



The Queen at the W.R.N.S. Anniversary Parade

The Queen took the salute at the ceremonial parade and march past which celebrated the fourth anniversary of the revival of the Women's Royal Naval Service. With her was the Duchess of Kent, Commandant of the W.R.N.S., who brought her two elder children, the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra



Prince Bernhard in the Middle East

General Sir Bernard Montgomery, Commander of the Eighth Army, had a visit from Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, at his headquarters in the Middle East. Since leaving England the Prince visited Canada, America, Brazil and North Africa, where he spent two days at General Eisenhower's headquarters

He may plan to encourage us to waste bombs on Italy because that would divert some of our weight from Germany itself. He may also try to divert attention by action in Spain. Anything like this would be more profitable to Hitler than expending military energy on Italy. Mussolini must know this.

Budget

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD had the smallest audience that has ever listened to a budget speech in recent years. There was none of the usual intenseness of interest shown by those who did listen. It seemed that Members of Parliament did not wish to hear a long statement on finance, only the Chancellor's final conclusions. Sir Kingsley's decision not to increase the rate of direct taxation was not unexpected, although it did come as a relief. By imposing extra taxes on spirits, beer, tobacco, cigarettes, and entertainment he said that this would give him the extra hundred million pounds of revenue that he required, but implied that it was really put on to stop people spending money. In other words we are voluntary taxpayers in this respect, and if we don't want to pay any more taxes we have our own remedy. We can stop at home, listen to the radio and read Government White Papers.

Reciprocity

THE way in which Sir Kingsley drew attention to reciprocal aid between the United Nations appeared to have some significance—maybe it was something to do with the politics of diplomacy—for he certainly stressed his point. He declared that Lease-Lend aid

which Britain had received from the United States was no greater than we were according to our Allies. Some of the figures were striking, including the fact that we were spending a hundred and fifty million pounds on aerodromes, barracks and hospitals for American use. We had also given aid to Russia amounting to a hundred and seventy million pounds. This information is worth having. It shows how great is the war effort of this country, and how heavy is the burden we have borne since the day we stood alone, comparatively unarmed, in defiance of Hitler's might.

Praise

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD praised Canada's war effort and her generosity to Great Britain in glowing words. It seemed that he could not say enough in gratitude for what Canada has done. He was announcing that Canada had decided once again to contribute one billion dollars to the British budget for her share of war production costs. Canada is also to assume the cost of Canadian air force squadrons overseas, and the pay and allowances of her personnel serving in the Royal Air Force. "Canada's action is that of a nation conscious of its power and its place," said Sir Kingsley. How right he is. Canada's place in the world of the future will be vital and powerful. In helping Britain, Canada's generosity has been marked with modesty. I wish that some other and more striking gesture of our gratitude could be made. Let us hope that as soon as possible, consonant with the demands of security, the King will be able to visit Canada to thank the people on our behalf in person.



With a Rhodesian Fighter Squadron

Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, on a ten days' tour among Rhodesian troops in the Middle East, visited a fighter squadron where he had a talk with Wing Commander Max Aitken, D.S.O., D.F.C., son of Lord Beaverbrook

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A.F. and A.T.S.

By James Agate

IN a speech from the chair at the Interim Austerity Dinner of the Stage Golfing Society, Major-General "Ian Hay" referred to a curious kind of bird known to the Australian Bush and called the whim-wham, or some such name. This bird, said the General, "always flies backward. It doesn't care where the hell it's going, but wants to know where it's been." This partly represents my attitude toward the aeroplane. I haven't the least idea how aeroplanes fly and should notice nothing if they suddenly started to go backwards! I don't even know whether they can go into reverse, if that is the technical phrase. Or whether, like certain horses, they just won't "back." In other words, I am not air-minded.

I SHOULD now explain that the fact that I am not air-minded does not detract from my recognition of, and gratitude for, the marvellous work done by the Allied Air Forces in this war, or my complete admiration for the heroism and self-sacrifice achieved by allied airmen. But it does explain why I found *Air Force* (Warner's) a little long. I found this picture often exciting, often moving, and always interesting. But sometimes it seemed a little long. It is possible that airmen seeing this picture will get some sort of thrill out of watching the pilots handle the controls, or whatever they are called. On the other hand, I who dote on horses do not want to sit for over two hours watching close-ups of a great whip handling the reins. However, it is only fair to say that nobody else seemed to think two hours and a quarter was a minute too long.

THERE is an immense cast, but the real hero of the film is an American bomber called the *Mary Ann*, while the plot has to do with its adventures, victories, triumphs, and its final destruction on an Australian beach. The period is that of the beginning of the American-Japanese war, and the depiction of the Battle of

the Coral Sea is one of the most realistic and hair-raising sequences of cinema photography I have ever seen. The tumult and noise are ear-splitting: and for once the accompanying music (by John Greenwood, if I remember rightly) contains some bravura stuff for trumpets which leaves similar flourishes in Strauss's *Heldenleben* far behind. Never can trumpets have sounded at once so menacing and so triumphant.

THE acting is good throughout, and I single out the sinister Sergeant Winocki (John Garfield) as one of the best parts; although the bad boy who makes good at the end has become as familiar a figure in American air films as the villain who does not make good in the old melodramas. The rest of the picture is completely run away with by Harry Carey as an older and sensibler sergeant. There is no "love-interest," and for once these busy boys have no time for anything but their duty.

AFTER all this sound and fury signifying a great deal, a visit to the Odeon to see *The Gentle Sex* was like visiting the quiet countryside after having been through a typhoon at sea. This is a film all about the training, and incidentally, the trials and joys, of seven girls who join the A.T.S. These girlies have been selected from hundreds by Leslie Howard, who directs the film and with an exaggerated modesty allows us throughout the picture to hear nothing but his voice as commentator and to see nothing but his back as spectator. The girlies are obviously chosen, firstly because they are good-looking, and secondly because they represent seven different types, the cheeky warm-hearted Cockney, the girl who loves fun, the spoilt child, the Colonel's daughter, the pawky Scottish lassie, the Czech refugee, and the would-be aristocratic ex-dancing teacher. Of these I perversely preferred the last (beautifully acted by Barbara Waring), an inhibited snob,

who is avoided by all but who is obviously—and Scotty is the only one who discovers this—longing to make friends, and would succeed in doing so but for her repellant personality. Next the cockney ex-waitress (Joan Gates) and Scotty herself (Rosamund John). The others pleased me less, and Lilli Palmer, whom old film-goers will remember as the shop assistant in *Congress Dances*, is ill-suited to the never-smiling and ever-whining refugee who is meant to excite sympathy but who only succeeds in creating irritation. After all, having left her unhappy country she might give us an occasional grin, if only out of gratitude to the land which helped to smooth her troubles.

THERE is very little plot, and this hour-and-fifty-minutes long documentary (for such it really is) is entirely taken up with a generous glimpse, or succession of glimpses, of life in a women's training corps. As propaganda for recruiting or sweetening the pill of conscription, nothing could be better. How well do these girlies look, how straight they walk, how well they drill, how quick, alert, keen they all are! Indeed, there were times when I thought the whole picture what Chaucer's young woman from Stratford-atte-Bow might have called *un peu trop couleur de rose*. So often were we told that the women are fighting this war that I began to believe that the Eighth Army itself was manned by these ladies. The mere men took the backest of seats throughout; the Regiment of Women ruled the entire roost.

THE acting is uniformly excellent, and innumerable parts, each of not more than a few lines, are played by well-known people such as Mary Jerrold (lovely as an Air Force officer's mother), Frederick Leister (Army Colonel) and John Laurie as a Scots Corporal. And Miles Malleon gives a perfect sketch of a kindly railway guard. Derrick de Marney has produced extremely well, and the photography is first-class. Except for an unfortunate bit at the end where the girlies, having achieved their four-hundred-mile journey driving their lorries, get back to London and are seen in a canteen devouring sandwiches the size of large octavo books and drinking tea out of cups which have the dimensions of top hats.



"The Gentle Sex" is a Tribute to Women at War, Particularly Those in the A.T.S.

In making the first feature film of women at war, Mr. Leslie Howard, who directed, has chosen seven girls, each from a different sphere of living, to show how women have responded to the call for service. The film is intended as a tribute to the many thousands of women now serving the Allied cause of freedom so well. Above, left, six of the seven girls are shown on their first night in camp. Their early shyness and diffidence soon passes off and they make friends. Left to right are Erna, a Czech refugee (Lilli Palmer), Anne, daughter of an army colonel (Joyce Howard), Dot, a good-time girl (Jean Gillie), Maggie, a Scot (Rosamund John), Betty, a spoilt only child (Joan Greenwood), and Gwen, a Cockney (Joan Gates). The other picture shows three of the girls at the end of their training. Lilli Palmer, Rosamund John and Barbara Waring (the seventh girl) are given instructions to report to a gun site to pick up casualties by the Major at the Transport Depot

Comedy and Realism

Colbert in "No Time For Love" shares starring Honours with Mary Ann—Bomber—in "Air Force"



Press photographer Katherine Grant (Claudette Colbert) lets herself in for one of the dirtiest jobs of her career when she visits the Vehicular Tunnel Project under East River, New York, but it is there that she meets her fate—sandhog Jim Ryan (Fred MacMurray)



The sandhog proves to be an inventor of repute when he finds a substance that will freeze the mud and so prevent the hitherto uncontrollable cave-ins which are hindering the Project. It is but a short step then to Katherine's waiting arms

No Time For Love directed by Mitchell Leisen is at the Plaza. It is the romance story of a woman press photographer and a tunnel-digger—known as a sandhog. Claudette Colbert is co-starred with Fred MacMurray, and the film provides good comedy entertainment. Incidentally it gave Claudette the dirtiest assignment of her career for, in shooting one scene, when thousands of tons of mud were released under terrific pressure to make a realistic cave-in, she was buried up to the neck in mud about the consistency of chocolate ice-cream—only much stickier and less tasty



"Air Force" at Warner's Theatre is Described as the Saga of Mary Ann—a Bomber

"Air Force" is a Howard Hawks production. It is the story of a Boeing-17 bomber, and of the men who made up her crew. San Francisco, Hawaii, Wake Island, the Coral Sea and Australia provide the background. Starring are John Garfield, Gig Young, Harry Carey and George Tobias. Above left: John Ridgely, as Captain Michael A. Quincannon, talks to Sergeant Winocki, his tail gunner, a malcontent who failed to win his wings (John Garfield). When Quincannon is wounded and dying, it is Winocki who saves the Mary Ann. Right: Lieut. Williams (Gig Young), Sergeant White (Harry Carey) and Captain Quincannon (John Ridgely) receive a report that six enemy transports and escort have been sighted. With three bombs the Mary Ann accounts for two transports and a cruiser. The film is reviewed by James Agate on the page facing

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Strike a New Note (Prince of Wales)

IN this type of popular revue, a new note is certainly to be welcomed; and if Mr. George Black's latest rouser does not consistently strike it, the players do. They are young, eager, and professional. The programme informs us that they are "boys and girls who have been gathered from every part of the country, needing but the opportunity to make themselves known." Such exploratory enterprise is commendable, and deserves success. The novelty of the show in which they make their London debut lies, however, more in their personal talents and vitality than in much of the song-and-dancery which furnishes the opportunity they take with such zest. Hollywood, without doubt, has its popular appeal, syncopation its addicts; but tender-hearted conservatives may feel that excessive attention may be given to both. The programme is bright, breezy, and fortissimo; and since it is produced by Robert Nesbitt confidence and efficiency are assured.

No one knows better than Mr. Black that it takes all sorts to make a theatre. And between Shakespeare and the musical brassy a great gulf is fixed. Here that gulf is not bridged. If one happens not to be susceptible to the vertigo induced by swing, and is immune to the lumbar assaults of jungle rhythm, many of the show's vociferous numbers are likely to leave one out in the howling cold. They are topped up to the last phrenetic shudder and blare. They are immensely popular, each vociferous assault being applauded to the roof-raising echo.

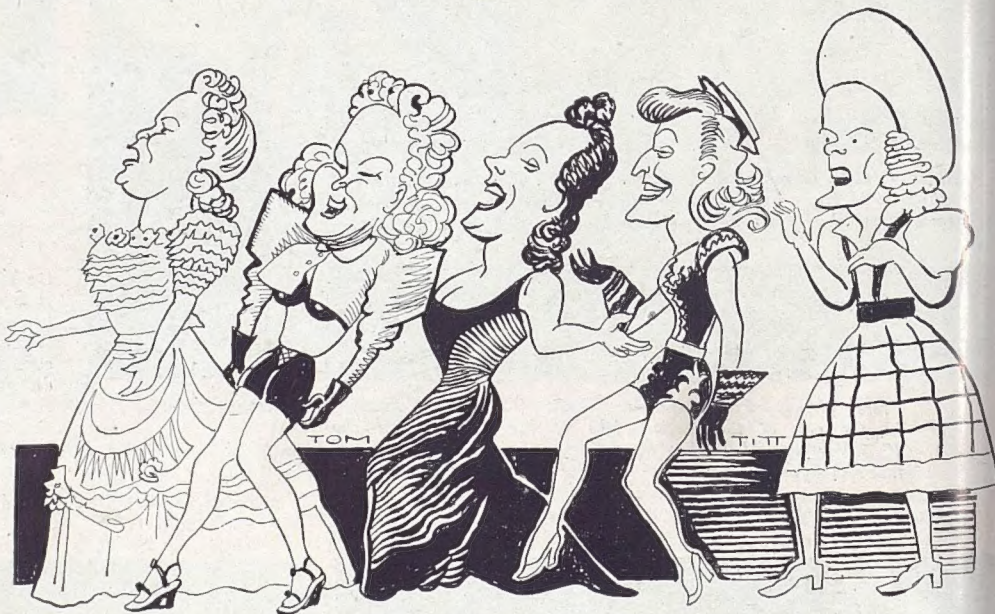
One swallow may not make a summer, but one good comedian can go a long way towards making a show. Mr. Sid Field, billed as "a discovery," is such a comedian. Though ostensibly new to London, he is manifestly

no novice. He is in the true line of English comedians who have given the music hall its own distinction. He not only delights, but uses the audience. Partnered by Mr. Jerry Desmonde, his congenial confederate—who, in addition to sharing the footlights with him, has the backchat freedom of the auditorium—he gratefully tempers the exacting rhythm that otherwise prevails.

Clever, versatile, and funny, Mr. Field has style. The various characters he burlesques range from primordial Cockney to the latest thing in unctuous dilettanti. He commands the aspect and the accent of each. His primal assault on decorum is made as a tyro from the Elephant, who aspires to footlight honours. This egregious defiance of time and place is an immediate triumph. His next excursion is more treacherous. Frustrated by a precarious pendant xylophone, he mingles inharmonious



Two of the very enterprising young cast of "Strike a New Note," who contribute to the success of George Black's show at the Prince of Wales are Derek Roy and Alec Pleon



"Here is youth" reads the programme. These girls have been gathered from every part of the country. All are players of experience needing but the opportunity to make themselves known. Leni Lynn, Zoe Gail, Marianne Lincoln, Jill Manners, Triss Henderson

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Sid Field is introduced as "a discovery" by Jerry Desmonde. Sid certainly is a discovery. Overnight his success, already assured in the provinces, was established in London

obligato with devastating burlesque. His incisive cameo of an American subaltern, seeing the expediency of fraternising with these dumb English allies, is superb. Like all first-rate artists, he does not despise the past. In re-lighting the Midnight Sun that, in the Vesta Tilley era, shed its convivial beams on the Strand, he emulates the old masters in this genre with authority and charm. Mr. Field is indeed a discovery.

We may be, as some suppose, an insular people, but hardly where the theatre is concerned. Tolerance of, not to say a passion for, foreign imports has long been a feature of our popular entertainment. Italian opera, French comedy, Gay Paree—all in their turn provided exotic spice to liven up our native repertory. The Chauve Souris deployed their toy soldiers, the Volga Boatmen heaved their melodious way before our footlights. Now, all is swing, and the torch singer moaning at the microphonic bar. Truly, where pleasure is concerned, we are an hospitable people. Lease-lend isn't in it with rhythm. Plays, films, dances, errand boys—what not?—all caught

this American infection. This show might be summarised as that rhythm in excelsis.

One's conservative prejudices in favour of native and quieter traditions are discounted by the enthusiasm of more liberal audiences for the permutations of that insistent rhythm which attacks, not the heart, but the loins. Those prejudices, on the other hand, are generously supported by the instant response to Mr. Field, whose distinction is enhanced by a delightful insularity. He can be heard and enjoyed viva voce, without stunning us through the egregious microphone. His attitude towards that unfeeling instrument is Cromwellian: "Take away that bauble!" he says, before demonstrating in his proper voice that English humour and expert talent remain unrivalled.

That is the note—old, yet ever new—that gives this show its chief distinction. Time was when its striking was more general. Our delighted response to Mr. Field suggests that it has not been struck in vain, and that London will not readily consent to his departure. He is here, if he so wills, for keeps.

British Stars Overseas

All are Working for War Charities



Gracie Fields is taking part in the film "Stage Door Canteen," by which it is hoped to raise three million dollars for the American Theatre Wing which runs the Stage Door Canteens throughout the States



Merle Oberon (the wife of Sir Alexander Korda) and *Dame May Whitty* are also taking part in "Stage Door Canteen"

Stage Door Canteen is being made by Sol Lesser Productions, with the idea of making money for the American Stage Door Canteens. The story is of a young actress who works at the canteen as a hostess in the hope of meeting a big play producer, but instead falls in love with a soldier and finds success a small thing compared to happiness. Such stars as Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Katharine Hepburn, Ethel Merman, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Tallulah Bankhead and Mary Pickford are taking part in the film. Actors' Equity would not allow them to work free, so most of the stars have donated their earnings to their favourite charity. Gertrude Lawrence, who received one thousand dollars for her day's work, donated it to the British Actors' Orphanage



June and Her Husband, Lt. Edward Hillman

June, London's musical-comedy star of the 'twenties and 'thirties, and the former Lady Inverclyde, is now living in Beverly Hills. Her uniform is that of a canteen worker in the Naval Aid Auxiliary. She works at the Naval Base at San Pedro, California, where the first canteen was opened three weeks after Pearl Harbour. Apart from the coffee, cocoa and doughnuts which are served free, the N.A.A. supplies naval men with sweaters, hospital garments and socks. Lt. Edward Hillman, Jr., is serving overseas with the Army Air Corps



Gertrude Lawrence sings in the film. Her number is "We Meet in the Funniest Places," a title she herself suggested

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Anniversary Parade

DURING the early days of the war, when Her Majesty the Queen became Commandant-in-Chief of the three women's Services, she decided that she would not wear uniform even for formal parades. Accordingly, when she took the salute at the march past of the W.R.N.S. at Buckingham Palace on the fourth anniversary of the rebirth of the women's Senior Service, she chose a delicate turquoise shade for her hat, dress and coat—a perfect complement, specially in the spring sunshine, to the dark blue of the uniforms.

A special saluting base was erected outside the palace gates, and here the Queen stood with H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, wearing her uniform as Commandant of the W.R.N.S., Mrs. V. Laughton Matthews, Director of the Service, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord. The Countess Spencer, in dove grey, and Lady Herbert, in uniform, attended Her Majesty and the Duchess. An informal family note was added to the proceedings by the Duchess of Kent, who, as she walked across the courtyard, blew kisses in the direction of the crowd outside, where her two elder children, the Duke of Kent, now aged seven, and Princess Alexandra, who is six, were standing with their nurse. One or two Admirals who were standing there looked quite startled, till they realised how near the children were.

Tribute to Women

THE Queen's broadcast to the women of the Empire, spoken as it was from the heart and with the deepest conviction, must have rung warmly in the ears of women of all classes doing all kinds of jobs. Many times during her tours of war-production centres with the King,

the Queen has turned to those around her with admiration for the work being done by women, and has expressed her hope that the women themselves realise how important is their work and how grateful the country is to them for doing it. Incidentally, not one of these women, courageous as they undoubtedly are, is working any harder than the Queen herself. In addition to the homely duties of supervising her home and keeping an eye on the education of her two daughters, the Queen is responsible for the organisation of many forms of welfare work, she deals personally with a tremendous mass of correspondence, both official and private, and is always ready and willing to accompany the King on one of those long and arduous tours of production centres which so frequently fall within the schedule of the royal programme.

New Ballet

A FULL house of distinguished people watched the first performance of *The Quest*, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. The entire proceeds of the performance were donated to Lady Cripps's "Aid to China" Fund, and she was one of the exceedingly enthusiastic audience, which also included a boxful of members of the Chinese Embassy, the dowager Lady Wimborne, in becoming St. John Ambulance uniform; the Earl of Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Butler, Mr. C. G. Lancaster, M.P., Lord and Lady De La Warr, Lady Colefax, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Cunard, Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon, Lord and Lady Moore, Mr. John Sutro, with his pretty wife; Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, Mr. Anthony Asquith, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Diana Cooper, Captain Oliver Messel, Mr. Lionel Perry, in khaki; Major John Montagu, in his usual seat at the end of the front row of the stalls; Mr. Michael Scott (Scots Guards), Mr. Peter Price, and so on and on.

Mr. Frederick Ashton was released from his duties at the Air Ministry on purpose to do the choreography of this ballet, and there were many R.A.F. uniforms in the audience, including those of Air Marshal Collier, Mr. William Teeling, who includes writing among his versatile talents, and Mr. Gordon Anthony, the brilliant photographer, whose most recent book of photographs is *The Sadler's Wells Ballet*, preceded by *The Sleeping Princess*, the publication of which was held up for two years by the war.

The original and exciting music for *The Quest* was specially composed by Mr. William Walton, the lovely decor and costumes (the latter executed by Alec Shanks, and scenery painted by Alick Johnstone) were by Mr. John Piper, who, with the composer, choreographer, Mr. Constant Lambert (the conductor) and the company appeared on the stage for the numerous curtains after the performance. Mr. Ashton made a short speech, and there were many bouquets for the dancers, whose uniformly excellent performances make the long, complicated and strenuous ballet the smoothly successful whole it is.

The company attended a party given by the management in the theatre afterwards, and several ex-members, now in the forces, were there too, including John Hart, Michael Somes, William Chappell, Stanley Hall and Deryk Mendel. Margot Fonteyn, as usual, looked as lovely close up as she does on the stage, though in real life her feet do appear to touch the ground, which they barely do when she is dancing; Miss Moyra Fraser looked specially attractive; Mr. Robert Helpmann looked cool and detached from the violent, but graceful, flights which he has to go through in his role of St. George in the ballet; Mr. Alexis Rassine, who, as Sansloy, a lawless Saracen knight, is another combatant, was also there; so were members of the orchestra and its alternate



Embassy Wedding Reception

Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and the Hon. Lady Bingham, were at the wedding of Capt. Alexander and Miss Dresselhuys. The reception was held at the Belgian Embassy.

conductors, Mr. Constant Lambert and Mr. Julian Clifford. Other guests included Mrs. Hookham, Miss Fonteyn's good-looking mother, Miss Viola Johnstone, the Hon. Eveleigh Leith, talking to Mr. Leslie Hurry, the painter, whose decor and costumes for *Hamlet* caused such a sensation a year ago; Miss Ninette de Valois, the director of the Ballet and herself a distinguished choreographer; and many more.

The Opening of the Flat

THE first flat meeting of the year, held at Windsor, was a gay occasion. Everyone seemed to have "wintered well" and to be very pleased to see their friends again. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were present and had



Lord Huntingfield's Son Marries

Sub-Lt. the Hon. Peter Vanneck, R.N., younger son of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, and Miss Cordelia Errington, daughter of Commander and Mrs. R. H. Errington, of Tostock Old Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Married in London

On April 10th Mr. John Stanley Hawkesworth, Grenadier Guards, only son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. J. L. I. Hawkesworth, of Little Cote, Camberley, married Miss Hyacinthe Gregson-Ellis, elder daughter of Brigdr. and Mrs. Philip Gregson-Ellis



A Recent Wedding at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Swaebe

Capt. Denis Alexander, Irish Guards, only son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Herbrand Alexander and of Mrs. Guy Buxton, and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys were married on April 6th. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, of Long Island, New York, and of Lady Kemsley, and was given away by Lord Kemsley

The Marchioness of Willingdon was at the wedding with her son, S/Ldr. the Marquess of Willingdon, R.A.F.V.R. The late Lord Willingdon, who died in 1941, was Viceroy of India from 1931 to 1936

several runners; they also brought their Derby horse, Victory Torch, but did not run him as the going was too hard. The Duchess wore a red check coat and skirt and a small navy-blue halo hat. The Hon. Dorothy Paget came and was delighted with her winner—Charwoman Filly, by Colombo. The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood must have watched Hangover win with mixed feelings, as he carried Mrs. Wood's colours until the end of last season, when she unluckily sold him, as he had not lived up to his early promise. Lady Petre wore a beautifully cut fawn coat and was looking prettier than ever, having spent a busy winter farming. Lord and Lady Sefton were there, and so was Lady Bridget Elliott, who has a cottage near by, and was talking to Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin. Lord Manton and his brother, the Hon. Robert Watson, were with Lady Manton and Mrs. Watson. Others seen were Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mrs. Diana Smiley—who has taken a flat in London—Lady Jean Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Sir Francis Beaumont (whose stepfather, Capt. Oswald

Bell, trained Advocate, another winner at the meeting), Miss Ella Atherton, Mr. Vic Oliver and Mr. Michael Wroughton. Mr. Charles Gordon brought his daughter, Mrs. Michael Gordon Watson, and Miss Elizabeth Chase to see his nice three-year-old Advocate win comfortably—they must now be considering running him in the 2,000 Guineas. Others there included those indefatigable lovers of horses and racing, Steve Donoghue and Jack Anthony, the one with six Derbies to his credit, and the other three Grand Nationals.

Sporting Personalities in London

THE racing world has been well represented in London recently. At one restaurant, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Willoughby de Broke and Major Dick Warden were lunching together; Capt. and Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan also lunched there the same day, and Mr. "Chet" Chester Beatty and Col. Jock Whitney were in other parties. Lady Stavordale looked in earlier for a cocktail, and so did Mr. A. E. Allnatt, who began his racing career with a bold move in 1940, when he bought all the Aga Khan's

yearling colts and whose sensational purchase and subsequent re-sale of Lord Glanely's bloodstock were such a feature of last year's racing season. Frances Day was there too, looking really lovely in a black dress, with upswept hair and large, fan-shaped turquoise ear-rings.

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton took a day off from Newmarket, where she works so hard to help her husband with his string of race-horses (which includes Lady Sybil, favourite for the 1,000 Guineas), and lunched with Col. and Mrs. Perry Harding. He rode as a G.R. before the war and won innumerable races. Lady "Vinnie" Rogerson was down on a brief trip from the North and came in for a late lunch. Her sisters, Lady Jean Christie (whose husband is a prisoner) and Lady Viola Dundas, are now living and working in London, and both have flats in the same block.

Busy people included Lady Diana Dixon, hurrying down Berkeley Street, and Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, walking in Grosvenor Square. She was going down to Newmarket to pack up some furniture at Sefton Lodge. Col. Sofer Whitburn

(Concluded on page 88)



Friends and Relations at the Hawkesworth—Gregson-Ellis Wedding

Swaebe

The wedding took place at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Capt. B. Currie was there with the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, Lord Dynevor's daughter-in-law. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards

Lady Honor Llewellyn, herself, a recent bride, was amongst the guests. She is the Earl of Lisburne's daughter, and married Capt. Rhydian Llewellyn in January. He is in the Welsh Guards

Brigadier Gregson-Ellis gave his daughter away. Here he is with Mrs. Adam Buxton. Bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Gregson-Ellis and Miss Jennifer Fryer, and the best man was Mr. William Agar, Grenadier Guards

Enfants Terribles

"Junior Miss" is an American Comedy of Precocious Youth



Returning from an evening's bridge with friends, Mrs. Graves (Linda Gray) is astounded to find a cigarette-end on her younger daughter's supper-tray. She calls her husband Harry (Ronald Ward) from his dressing-room to see this latest sign of their child's precocity



Walking into the living-room unexpectedly, Judy Graves (Joan White) is horrified to find her father in the arms of Ellen Curtis (Betty Marsden), an office colleague and daughter of his managing director



Judy has a prodigious appetite. She will go to any lengths to get some extra "eats," and when her uncle Willis (Frank Leighton) unexpectedly arrives at her parents' home, she seizes the opportunity of asking Hilda, the maid (Peggy Hale), to bring in something on a tray



Film-struck Judy, worried about her father's behaviour with Ellen, and convinced that here is a real-life "Wife versus Secretary" tragedy, persuades Ellen to remove her glasses before being introduced to Uncle Willis



Sisterly love is more frequently demonstrated by fights and brawls than scenes like this, but when Lois (Peggy Simpson) offers to lend Judy her evening wrap for her first dance, all is well between the two

● *Junior Miss* is the third American success to be brought to wartime London by Mr. Firth Shephard. The first was *The Man Who Came to Dinner* at the Savoy, the second *Arsenic and Old Lace* at the Strand, and now *Junior Miss* at the Saville, which has already been running on Broadway for nearly two years. Marcel Varnel has produced all three. *Junior Miss* is a light-hearted comedy of American youth. You may heave a sigh of relief as the last curtain falls that so far our children seem to have escaped the supreme sophistication of young America; nevertheless, you cannot fail to enjoy the pranks and schemings of these young people who meddle so successfully (as it turns out) with the affairs of their elders. There is no hint, or talk, of war in *Junior Miss*, and you should find laughter there

Photographs by John Vickers



Adviser-in-chief on the Graves' family affairs is Fuffy Adams (Peggy Cummins), Judy's bosom pal. Fuffy is even more sophisticated than Judy, and it is at her instigation that Judy decides to bring Uncle Willis and Ellen together before her mother's life is ruined by the disgrace of divorce. Fuffy, as film-drunk as Judy, coaches Judy in the part she is to play in this real-life drama



The romance which Judy has brought about nearly smashes her father's business career. The situation is only saved by the arrival of Judy's first conquest, young Haskell Cummings (Peter Miller Street), son of Harry Graves's most important business client



"J. B." (Douglas Stewart) is Harry Graves's boss. J. B.'s behaviour is jovial enough, but he has the unpleasant knack of causing unhappiness to all around him. It takes all Judy's skill to find the way to save her father's job and the happiness of Ellen and Uncle Willis

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER the Germans have stolen the Bayeux Tapestry is still not clear from a recent reference to it by their wireless. Some time ago it was being used for preliminary invasion-propaganda by Goebbels, but the invasion idea seems to have been dropped, *pro tem*.

The Tapestry's worst moment so far came during the Revolutionary wars, when, having been looted by the mob from Bayeux Cathedral, it fell into the hands of the commissariat or Army Service Corps, who were about to cut it up for packing uniforms and supplies when a local police-commissary rescued it. Since then it has lived in a 350-ft.-long glass showcase in Bayeux Museum, and those who think the locals throng perpetually to gaze at it, reciting the glories of their conquering race, are deceived. The Normans care about as much for the Tapestry as the Island Race does for Magna Carta, being steeped in traditional chicanery and avarice. Nevertheless they would resent its theft, if only for the sake of the American tourist-trade. This does not apply, naturally, to the admirable Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, who cherish it for its own sake.

Enigma

ONE thing about the Bayeux Tapestry which probably still annoys the Boche (we saw a testy article on it by a Boche professor in a French review just before the war) is that Boche pedantry at its owliest still can't solve that little enigma in the Tapestry of the Boffed Girl and the Indignant Clerk.

Over the laconic inscription "VNVS-CLERICVS-ET-AELFGYVA" ("A Clerk and Aelfgyva") a Norman chap dressed as

a secular clerk is apparently handing a typical Saxon sweetheart named Aelfgyva, standing between two pillars, a smart boff or whirrat on the noggin. Nobody has ever explained this. Our own simple solution—namely that the Normans were allergic to blondes, like stock-brokers—was rejected with fury by the Royal Society some years ago. Like most men of energy and resource (our theory is) the Normans struck at blondes at sight and on principle, crying "Splendour of God! Out! Out! Haro!" The Old Reptonian custom of rapping them, when tiresome, on their delicious sconces, with a little ivory hammer came in 800 years too late for the Conqueror to make it law. Hence the monstrous regiment of blondes we suffer to-day.

Destiny

IN elfin mood, a gossip boy has been wondering who on earth chose a frivolous name like Adolf for Frau Schickelgrüber's baby. After some painful research we are able to tell him. It was Adolf's Mums.

Hunting for a name for the newborn Schickelgrüber before his baptism at the parish church of Braunau, on the Austro-German frontier, in April 1889, Frau Schickelgrüber, *née* Klara Poelzl, hit on that of Adolphus, Bishop of Osnabruck, Hanover, who died in A.D. 1222 after a long and holy life devoted to the poor, and became one of the most popular saints in the German Kalendar, with a feast in February. Whether baby Adolf grew up to be equally



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"It looks rather like the operational base of a Lesser Crested Grebe"

kind and good, as Frau Schickelgrüber hoped, is beyond the immediate scope of this article, as the learned boys say. The fascinating point to us is that he was once an innocent, pink, soft, helpless, yowling creature who might easily have turned out another St. Adolphus if he had not gone in for Art and failed. We get the same eerie feeling on thinking of the tender infancy of Slogger Joad.

Footnote

THE Imperial Academy of Art, Vienna, which rejected the ardent but sour young Schickelgrüber's entries in 1907 and 1908—by which time Herr Schickelgrüber *père*, a minor Civil Servant (faugh!), had changed his name to Hitler to jolly things along—is thus directly responsible for World War II. Even our own Royal Academy has never earned such a title to universal execration. Keep away from the art boys, dears. They brood too much, besides being difficult with women.

Interlude

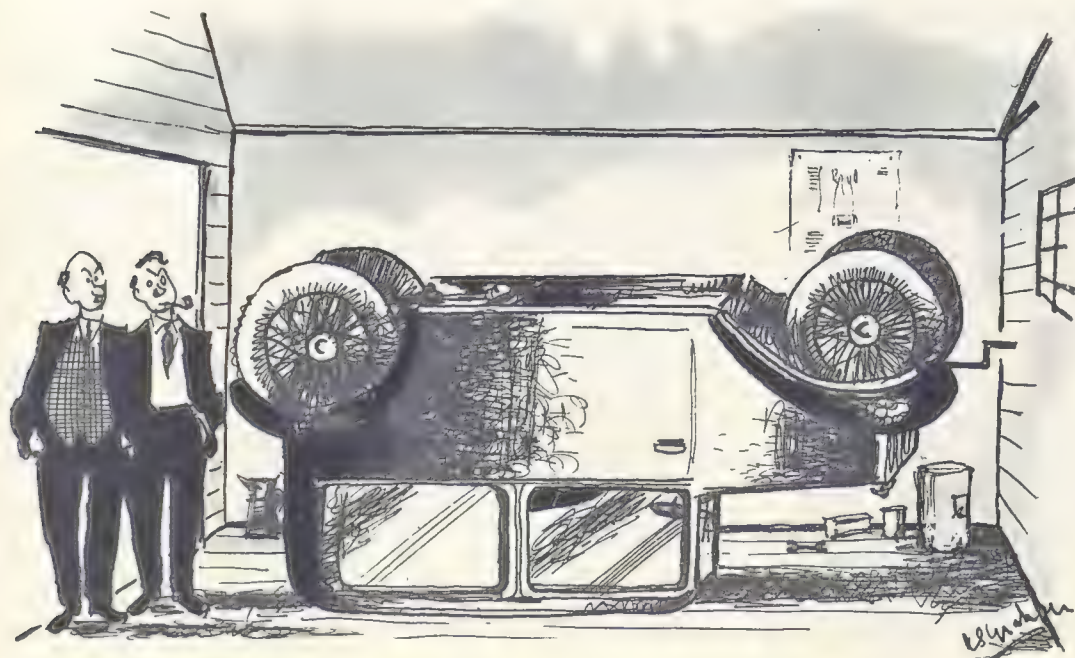
IF you don't mind our singing to you again (Brought your music again, Mr. L. ? How perfectly *divine* !), here is a little song we made on reading a romantic news-story about a country stationmaster who met his long-lost love after fifty years :

When Love comes to the Chef de Gare
At Gatwick, Chirk, or Crewe,
The trains can run to Potters Bar,
Or Hell, or Khatmandu ;
Oh, they can run wherever they like
Or stay just where they are,
For Love has dazed the dreaming eyes
Of the stricken Chef de Gare.

(Chorus, with intensity)

Romance brings up the 9.15
When Passion lights the track,
And when it's hung around a bit,
Romance can take it back,
For Love has crowned the Chef de Gare
With a flaming diadem,
And he doesn't care what the trains
may do
It's damned well up to them ;
(With a hey, ho,
Bibbity bo),
It's damned well up to them.

(Concluded on page 78)



"Chap at the garage said 'Put in the starting-handle and turn her over occasionally'"



Senior Commandant Milman and Senior Commandant Stewart, A.T.S.



Jr/Cdr. Williams, and Major-Gen. Langley Browning, O.B.E., M.C.



The Princess Royal, Controller Commandant, A.T.S., Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rank and Chief Controller Jean Knox, A.T.S.

"The Gentle Sex": A Film of the A.T.S.

The Gentle Sex is a well-deserved tribute to the fine work done by the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service. A Two Cities Film directed by Leslie Howard (who speaks the prologue), made in co-operation with the M.O.I., the War Office and the A.T.S., it was first shown at the Odeon, Leicester Square, a short time ago. The premiere was attended by a large gathering, including many officers and members of the A.T.S. Amongst the stars playing in the film are Rosamund John, Jean Gillie, Joan Greenwood and Lilli Palmer



Derrick de Marney, Chief Commander Gell, Staff/O. Ballantyne and Air/Cdre. Gell



Sir William Beveridge came with his wife, Lady Beveridge



F/Lt. Sims and Air Marshal Sir Leslie Gossage, D.S.O., M.C.



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal and Lilli Palmer, a star of the film



Air/Cdre. Harald Peake and G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke



Controller Thorne, A.T.S., and Lt.-Colonel Machin



Major-General Leardet and Chief Cdr. Leardet



Leslie Howard, director of the film, and Rosamund John

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Monument

ALLEGING that the Nazis in Paris are once more meditating a purge of some of the public statues of heroes and warriors and crook politicians which decorate that metropolis, lest they inspire mutiny, one of the special correspondent boys didn't mention whether this purge will include the statue to Suzanne Lenglen French sportsman put up at Auteil some time ago, unless this old memory deceives.

This is not the first tribute of its kind to a big lawn tennis girl, as everybody knows who has seen Watts's "Physical Energy" in Hyde Park, which represents a huge Wimbledon queen tearing a tiger in half just before going on the Centre Court. Watts had some trouble with this, we find. No sooner had he posed girl and tiger satisfactorily and turned to pick up a No. 5 chisel than there would be a ripping sound and a terrific roar of pain, and a mighty bellow of laughter would tell him the big girl had already rent the man-eater in three pieces for pure mischief's sake, as easily as an Old Roedean Rugby back can tear the London Telephone Directory in half. At last Our Dumb Chums' League complained, so Watts had to get a Wimbledon queen

just convalescing from influenza, and a bit of a sissy at that. Even then he had a lot of trouble with Guardees and other admirers who hung round drinking quarts of champagne to the massive charmer's health out of her right shoe, in the dashing manner of *chez Maxim's*, and crying "Bravo!" and "Olé!"

Idea

ACHAP we know has invented a perfect substitute for matches and petrol-lighters, a boon to British housewives.

Briefly, and cutting out the technicalities, the gadget consists of a dry stick, of which you rest one end on your stomach, the other on the ground, and rub hard with another dry stick. Close at hand is a heap of tow. After some hours of intensive friction, hey presto, a spark is produced—there are scientific reasons for this—the tow ignites, and the light thus generated may be transferred anywhere it is needed by means of a taper, a spill, a match, a petrol-lighter, or whatnot. On

making inquiries at the Board of Trade the inventor was informed that his gadget is classed as a "mechanical lighter," with 2s. 6d. duty on each specimen; moreover a testy official pointed out that the same kind of stick does not suit every kind of stomach, some stomachs being concave, others convex.

Sir Charles Vernon Boys' recent device of a small phosphorus-covered surface and a little stick with a "button" of chlorate of potash and silicate of soda made into a paste comes under the same category. So does the idea of another inventive chap we know, namely a glass for focusing the sun's rays on to a bit of paper. This has the drawback of exposing the British housewife to the outdoor rigours of an English June, and maybe frostbite. So there the matter rusts, as the actress said to the old-iron merchant.

Crack

WHEN the serious military correspondent boys go whimsy, they do so generally with the skittish grace of a hippopotamus balancing on a vegetable marrow. On the other hand they generally try not to startle the public with originality; which, we take it, accounts for a recent laughing reference to the Germans' late powerful antagonist on the Russian front, General Mud.

This crack began with some classic military authority or other—was it Clausewitz? Jomini? Maybe Quaglini?—referring to "General Winter's" part in Napoleon's



"I understand the basic patents are held by some school-child"

campaign of 1812, or possibly it was the Crimea. Every subsequent commentator on war has since made a coy reference to the same General when discussing a winter campaign, and it's not for us to whine. Our only suggestion is that the boys might think up some more variations. What about the part played in a set-back by that eminent soldier of Greek extraction, General Paralysis, and his favourite orderly, Corporal Punishment? What about the work of such Staff ornaments as Major Operation, Major Crisis, Major Bloomer, Major Nuisance? Our point is that if you once go whimsy you should yield body and soul to the frightful temptation and go the limit like Barrie.

Riposte

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK certainly put a fast one over the big bonnets when she declared, in that recent speech at her old school, Wellesley Ladies' College, Mass., that "Indehiscence and mawkish maunder will not equip us for life." Can't you see them all on the platform, the Principal and the Vice-Principal and the Bursar, all squinting down their noses, hot all over, pretending they all knew what "indehiscence" means?

Fear of having words like this suddenly shot at them causes many dons to go bow-legged. Yet if they but had the nerve, there is an easy way (as a master of that art showed them long ago) of tackling the enemy and routing him with words twice as battering. E.g., a don says to you sneeringly: "Your view seems to me otiose." You proceed:

"Really? You don't seem to understand a purely monoplasmic attitude."

"A what?"

"In fact now I look at you, you seem to be a peculiarly decidulous example of re-entrant intellarchy, or shall I say sheer hyperdnlism, in Glümpe's sense."

"Who?"

"Or Danckwerts'. Good God!"

This must be rattled off at a great pace, with an insolent air. You then turn your back on those dumbos and leave the room, still not knowing what "indehiscence" means, incidentally, which is precisely our own position at this very moment.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"That's the new Picasso I couldn't find in the catalogue"



Major R. G. Phillips and Lady Stanley were two of those who attended the wedding reception at the Belgian Embassy



Lady Jean Rankin, the Earl of Stair's elder daughter, and Viscount Camrose found something to amuse them. Lady Jean's husband is Sir Hubert Stewart-Rankin's brother

Some of the Guests

At the Alexander—Dresselhuys Wedding

A reception was held at the Belgian Embassy after the wedding of Capt. Denis Alexander and Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, which took place on April 6th at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Other pictures of the wedding appear on a previous page



Wearing the uniform of the American Red Cross, Mrs. Charles Sweeny was at the reception with Mr. A. Cullen, of the Argentine Embassy



W/Cdr. the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Ward were together. -He is Lord Dudley's brother, and she was formerly Pauline Winn



Mr. Hugo Astor looked thoughtful while Lady Irene Haig, Earl Haig's youngest sister, entered something in her engagement-book



Major Stephen Vernon, Irish Guards, came with his wife. She is the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, and they were married in 1940



Slasher Green, from the Elephant and Castle, is introduced to the audience as George Black's latest "discovery." "I'll play Tantivy," he suggests. "This cornet's been shut in a pub door"



Inspired by the enthusiasm of the audience, Slasher produces his acrobatic chef-d'œuvre. "Stand well back. I'll do a double somersault—or I might change my mind in mid-air"

“What a Performance!”

Sid Field, London's Latest, Loudest, Longest Laugh, Reaches a New High in the Craziest, Cleanest Comedy Act in Town

Twenty-seven years ago a small boy aged twelve made his debut in a Birmingham music-hall. His name was Sid Field, a Birmingham boy born on April 1st, 1904. None of his family were theatrical people, and Sid's initial success was purely accidental. Recalling the occasion, Mr. Field says, "My first favourite turn was the broken-down toff. Ambrose called myself a light comedian; later as I grew a little more ambitious I added the word 'alleged.' The years since then have been very eventful; just one steady, rather slow climb through the provinces till I found myself in London and



The Discovery—now groomed for stardom—rides again. Discarding the simple cornet, Slasher has progressed to something more ambitious. "What would you like?" he appeals to the audience



The audience waits expectantly for Sid's masterpiece. Sid also waits—for the orchestra conductor, Bretton Byrd, to drop his baton and give the maestro his cue



Slasher's acrobatic efforts end in disaster—not only to himself, but to his magnificent shoulders, in spite of Jerry Desmond's attempts to be helpful. "I ought to be in a field," says Slasher

made his Field—of Sid's was not v, "My ously, I e wiser, ave not limb in t, more wonderful still, found that the audiences here seemed to like me." Sid Field, unknown to London audiences till March 18th, when George Black presented *Strike a New Note* at the Prince of Wales Theatre, jumped overnight into the front rank. As a Cockney know-all, a refined musician, American officer or a would-be golfer, he has real humour. Charles B. Cochran describes him as "a comedian of charm, of great originality, who caused the greatest laughter I have heard in the theatre for many years without a questionable joke or gesture, and who stood comparison with all the great ones of my crowded memory."



Following through his earlier successes, Sid takes up the ancient game of golf—not altogether successfully, it must be said. "I'm asking you for a civil answer. What do I do with these?"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



determined not to be down-hearted by his first failure, Sid appeals to the audience for patience. "I shall now play the nets with the Pheasants," he announces encouragingly



Jerry Desmond gives Sid his first golf lesson. Instructions are confusing for the novice—particularly when obeyed to the letter. "For the love of Mike," says Jerry, "get down to it. Address the ball"

Husbands and Wives



Lord and Lady Ebury

Captain Lord Ebury is serving abroad with the Royal Artillery. He married in 1941, as his second wife, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller, Lord Churston's second sister, and their son, the Hon. William Grosvenor, was born in 1942. Lord Ebury has two sons by his previous marriage to Miss Anne Acland-Troyte

Harlip



Captain and Mrs. Percy Illingworth

Mrs. Percy Illingworth, seen here with her husband, is an Assistant Commandant of the British Red Cross. Her husband, Capt. Illingworth, is attached to the R.A.F. He is a nephew of the late Lord Illingworth, at whose death in 1942 the barony became extinct

Harlip



Hay Wrightson

Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. G. Egerton-Warburton

Colonel Geoffrey Egerton-Warburton, D.S.O., of Grafton Hall, Malpas, married in 1927 the Hon. Georgiana Dormer, sister of Lord Dormer, and they have three children. He served during the last war in the Cheshire Yeomanry, and is Vice-Lieutenant for Cheshire. His wife is a member of the V.A.D.



Sir Charles and Lady Madden

Commander Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., and Lady Madden (formerly Miss Olive Robins) were married last year, and the tray they are holding in this picture was presented to Lady Madden on her marriage, by the ship's company of H.M.S. Warspite, which ship her husband commanded for over two years. Sir Charles is the elder son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden

Bertram Park

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Irish Grand National Course

LAST year Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent, with 12 st. 7 lb. on his back, won that 3½-mile steeplechase by a length from Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Jack (11 st. 9 lb.), St. Martin, who is not entered this year and, I fear, must be amiss (12 st.), 1½ lengths away, third. The going was terribly deep, and was probably rightly described as a quagmire, and yet the winner stuck it out. If they have not overdone him by giving him too much of it lately, I see no reason why he should not win again this year (on Monday next). Last year the Irish handicapper deemed Prince Regent to be only 12 lb. better than Golden Jack; this year, judging by a recent apportionment, he considers him 28 lb. better than that horse and 18 lb. better than Miss Paget's Roman Hackle, who is also engaged on April 26th, the date of the big event. It therefore seems that the Irish dispenser has not an enhanced opinion of those two very good-class chasers, and as if we ought to look somewhere else for the danger spots. I think that way myself, and in spite of the recent victory of Heirdom, who was getting 2 st. from Prince Regent, I believe that the well-performed Prince Blackthorn or Medoc II., Lord Sefton's Cheltenham Gold Cup winner (1942), might be the one, if any. Prince Blackthorn (getting 26 lb.) recently beat Golden Jack at Leopardstown very comfortably (eight lengths).

A Few Sums

So here are a few little sums for any browned-off soldier! Fairyhouse course no longer favours Irish-schooled horses to the detriment of the invader, for it is now, more or less, just like any first-class English course, i.e., the customary flying fences and "regulation" open ditches. This is the new course, which is inside the historic old one, with its natural Meath ditches and banks—meat and drink to any Irish horse, but a bad cross-word puzzle to any "foreigner." The Stewards of the Irish National Hunt considered that a race of the

importance of the Irish Grand National should be open to the world; hence the New Course. All the other races, with the exception of the Maiden Steeplechase, are run over the Old Course, with its banks and ditches, its drops, doubles and "up-fly" obstacles, and its water-jump. That Old Course I have always thought to be quite as stiff a test as Aintree, and it is certainly much more diversified.

Fairies and Fairyhouse

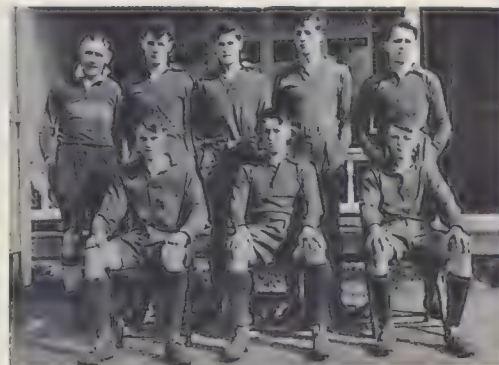
WHETHER the famous Meath steeplechase got its name from "Thim People" or not, I am not prepared to say, but I should think that it is highly probable, for, from what I have gleaned during my visits to the Royal County, teeming with memories of King Conn of the Hundred Battles, King Niall and King Cormac, who held sway at Tara, that palace so celebrated for harp music, I should say that there is very little in those parts in which the fairies have not got a finger. No Sassenach who ventures into the realm of the ancient Irish kings should be so foolish as to express a disbelief in fairies, for if he does, he will not be popular. The local inhabitants have a firm faith in them, as why should they not, for (so I believe) there is an action still pending in the Four Courts between the Fairy Queen of Leinster and the Fairy Queen of Connaught over the property rights in the beautiful little mere, Lough Ousel, which was originally in Connaught, but was unlawfully purloined by the lady from Leinster. I understand that it is set out in the pleadings how, when the Leinster Fairy was on a visit to her sister in Connaught, she admired the lake so much that she begged her hostess to lend her the loan of it, and having got it, she poured it into her fairy skirt and skipped off to Westmeath. She then refused to give it back. Hence the lawsuit! So, you see, there must be fairies, and what is more likely than that they should start the course over which the Irish Grand National is run, for it is great girls they are for any kind of sport, especially the dangerous kind.

(Concluded on page 84)



Winners of the Seven-a-Sides

Rugby won the Seven-a-Side Public Schools tournament, played at the Old Deer Park. Sitting: N. J. D. Williams, R. J. Overton (captain), M. F. Pyman. Standing: A. J. Bateson, A. D. R. Kay, N. R. H. Owen, M. R. Steel-Bodger



Bedford School Finalists

Bedford were beaten in this year's final by Rugby. Sitting: P. Ralphs, J. A. Scott (captain), P. M. Clark. Standing: A. Day (referee), N. D. Murray, E. J. Miller, W. M. Baber, R. S. Bingham



Wycliffe College Semi-Finalists

Wycliffe College, Lampeter, lost to Bedford in the Seven-a-Side semi-finals, by 3 points to 8. Sitting: G. Parkhouse, E. Bole (captain), P. Forster. Standing: P. Harvey, R. Hodge, P. Ronald, B. Kemp



D. R. Stuart

Blundell's School Lost to Rugby

Blundell's School beat Tonbridge and Harrow before losing in the semi-final to Rugby. Sitting: B. Chapman, J. E. S. Russell (captain), T. G. Gregory. Standing: R. W. O. Beney, F. T. Russell, P. H. Simpson, M. A. Turner



Victor Hey

H.M.S. Hasty's Commander Signs His Name

Lt.-Cdr. N. H. G. Austen, D.S.O., R.N., Commander of H.M.S. Hasty, adopted by Scarborough and since sunk in the Mediterranean, signed the visitors' book, after receiving a cheque for £377,000, the result of Scarborough's Warship Week, to build a new ship. Behind is Mrs. Whitfield, Mayor of Scarborough, with Rear-Admiral L. R. Oliphant, C.B.E., and Lt.-Cdr. S. A. Williams, D.S.C., R.N.



Officers of an R.A.F. Balloon Centre Somewhere in the British Isles.

Front row: A/S/O. I. Bennett, S/Ldr. J. Cann, F/O. V. Friend with P/O. Robin (dog), W/Cdr. A. H. E. Dew, G/Capt. C. L. Pendlebury, M.C., T.D., S/Ldr. W. H. Fiddler, S/Ldr. R. J. S. Martin, S/Ldr. S. G. Bennett, S/O. P. M. White. Middle row: F/O. G. J. Beckett, F/Lt. R. F. Armitage, F/Lt. P. O. Cole, F/Lt. C. J. Protheroe, F/O. F. Savage, F/Lt. W. A. Blythe, F/Lt. C. F. Cox, F/Lt. W. Hickson, F/O. C. V. R. Harris. Back row: P/O. K. H. C. White, P/O. G. W. Smith, P/O. R. A. S. Wood, F/O. F. B. Cockett, P/O. K. C. Walrond, P/O. G. W. Foreman, F/O. R. L. Bell

FATLER
BY STANDER.
APRIL 21, 1943
84



The Lady and The Lamb

Miss Alison Jellicoe, a relative of Earl Jellicoe, took up farming at the outbreak of war, and by sheer hard work has successfully reclaimed 120 acres of neglected Buckinghamshire land, and last year she produced a bumper crop of wheat. Here she is with one of her protégées



Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Tara's Halls

ANYONE who has ever hunted in Meath when hounds run near Fairymore will know that there is neither stick nor stone left of the old palace of the kings, so Tom Moore was drawing upon his imagination a bit when he talked about a harp "hanging mute on Tara's walls." They have vanished completely, and this is not surprising, for the legend is that the whole place was only built of wattles and wickerwork plastered with clay, just like Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford. Teachmor, as they call it, was like that, but in its heyday it must have been a grand place for eating and drinking, hunting and fighting, and all manner of similar entertainments. The world is indebted to Mr. W. H. Bartlett, illustrator of a charming book—and to Mr. J. Stirling Coyne, its author—*Scenery and Antiques of Ireland*, for the following note:—

There is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, an Irish manuscript containing a curious description of the banquet hall of Teachmor.

It states that the palace was formerly the seat of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and of every king who reigned in Teachmor to the time of Niall. In the reign of Cormac the palace was 900 ft. square; the surrounding Rath, seven din, or casts of a dart; it contained 150 apartments, 150 dormitories for the Guards, with 60 men in each. The height was 27 cubits, it had 12 doors, 12 porches, and 1,000 guests daily, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold, and silver, carvers, modellers and nobles. [They have a "quare" way of listing the inhabitants.—"S."] The eating-hall had 12 divisions in each wing, with tables and passages round them for 16 attendants on each side; eight to the astrologers, historians and secretaries in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door. Two oxen, two sheep and two hogs were divided equally at each meal to each side. The quantity of meat and butter consumed is incredible. There were 27 kitchens, 150 common drinking-horns and nine cisterns for washing.

It says nothing about the cellars, but I expect that they were made to match! It must have been a broth of a place!

Most of the kings who lived at Tara and elsewhere in Ireland failed to die in their beds, and a good many of them came to their end from a pat on the head from something hard. From what one can hear from the local inhabitants, they were all very pleasant persons to meet, provided you did not disagree with them; but there, so many people are like that. One thing the kings must have regretted was that there were no dragons to hunt because St. Patrick had banished the last of them years before

Early Selections for "The Flat." By "The Tout"

Lord Ennisdale owns a smartish colt in Fortunate Trial, who had some very useful two-year-old form last season. Arthur Wragg will ride him in the "Guineas." Vic Smyth's charges (most of them owned by the McAlpines) will doubtless give him a good run for his money, especially during the first few weeks of the season. Recently Vic turned several of his boxes into cowsheds and is now a licensed dairyman. Tommy Carey, one-time champion jockey at Northolt, is now first jockey to Walter Nightingall at Epsom. He will partner Miss Paget's Straight Deal, a colt which will take some beating in this year's Blue Riband. The Hon. Bobby Watson, Lord Manton's brother, trains with Frank Butters at Fitzroy House, Newmarket. The stable includes the Derby first and second favourites, Nasrullah and Umiddad. Capt. "Ossie" Bell trains at Stork House, Lambourn, and has trained many famous winners, including the 1928 Derby winner, Felstead, for Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen, and later the same owner's wonder filly, Rockfel

Easter Eggs

by
Oscar Berger



TOJO



STALIN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



MUSSO



BAD-EGG ADOLF



GOERING



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Berger

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Tension

ONE tends to think of the thriller and the psychological novel as being two utterly different types of fiction—poles apart. In the thriller much happens, and happens at breakneck speed; the characters are so built as to travel light; they are not allowed (so to speak) much psychological luggage, for fear this should slow down or hold up the plot. What they do is more important than how they feel. Their moral colouring is, as a rule, marked—though, perhaps, one character, "X," a person of mystery, may remain an enigma until the end. In the main, the men and women who keep the plot going are either courageous or cowardly, generous or mean, idealistic or rankly unscrupulous.

In the psychological novel most of this is reversed. Action is slow, and there is not very much of it: has been sacrificed to the interest in character—or is, at least, only used to illustrate character. What is felt is made more important than what is done. Reading a novel of this kind in the wrong mood, one might complain that the people endlessly dither about. Most of the men and women are enigmatic, and description and analysis loom large.

I have always felt that the thriller and the psychological novel (both of which, at their best, I greatly enjoy) suffer from the extremes to which they have been carried, and are each impoverished by the wide gap between them. I welcome any sign that the gap may close, and salute any writer who works to close it. Feeling and action are *not* incompatibles

(as, indeed, these years of the war show). Why should we treat them as if they were? The novels of Conrad and Graham Greene, the magnificent subtle detective stories of Simenon (many of which are now to be had in English) are outstanding "mergers." And from America comes the work of Ethel Vance, whose *Escape* was one of the finest exciting books that I know.

Miss Vance's *Reprisal* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is a worthy successor to *Escape*. You will not have forgotten how, in the former novel, private life was shadowed, threatened, and to a degree poisoned by a political atmosphere, by public events. That was in pre-war Nazi Germany. In *Reprisal* the scene is laid in Occupied France. In the charming Brittany manoir of Rusquec, life, for André Galle and his son and daughter, is gradually running down. These are a trio of French people of the most enlightened, honest and charming kind. But the fall of their country has broken something in them. Winter lies on the landscape, and in their hearts.

The Hostages

IN addition to this, the Galle have to face an acute crisis. A non-commissioned officer of the

German army of occupation has been murdered on a road outside the village: twenty hostages, held by the Germans, are destined to be shot if the murderer is not found within three days. The hostages have been drawn from the village people, from among families well known to the Galle: one is their own servant's brother. André Galle, as a former Minister—he is a disappointed Left-wing idealist, who, in the good faith of despair, threw in his lot with Vichy, was soon disillusioned, broke with Vichy and is now at the end of his career—is working desperately to gain time, to hold up the executions from day to day, to patch up the matter, somehow, with the German authorities whom he detests, and who mistrust him. Hoping for help from a more influential quarter, André has sent for his former secretary, Edouard Schneider, now a man of power under the Vichy-German régime.

To Françoise, André's twenty-five-year-old daughter (through whose eyes we see the greater part of what happens), the coming of Edouard to Rusquec is both distasteful and sinister. The Galle, in their desperation, must flatter Edouard, but Françoise feels sure he does not mean well. To herself in one way, to her weak and tormented father in another, Edouard's attitude has been, for years, equivocal. And, worse, she has every reason to suspect that he was one of the men who had plotted to sell France. For Françoise, the tragedy of the fall of her country has gone with a personal tragedy—the apparent loss of her lover. Could she believe otherwise than that Simon Astley, the young American with whom, when the



A. Rahm

A Sculptor and His Work

Charles Wheeler, R.A., A.R.A., F.R.B.S., the famous sculptor, is seen beside his latest work, exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. Charles Wheeler has executed sculptures on many well-known buildings, and his bust, *Infant Christ*, was bought for the nation under the Chantrey Bequest

dark days began, she had been on the verge of happiness, had deserted and repudiated her when she most needed him?

The plot of *Reprisal*, which could not be more exciting, works itself out in a very short space of time—though we are given flashbacks into the past. The characters, and their complex, often uncertain relations to each other, are drawn

with perception and certainty. The whole of *Reprisal* is saturated in the atmosphere of a particular place and time. And Miss Vance's style has a sheer and dazzling distinction, still new to the thriller, still too rare in other fields.

Preparatory School

"LONG DIVISION," by Hester W. Chapman (Secker and Warburg; 8s. 6d.), is a remarkable and disturbing novel. It is the story of a short-lived preparatory school, told from the inside, by the headmaster's wife. It gives, alongside of this, a devastating account of one kind of South of England seaside society. And it is also the obituary of a marriage that failed, and, in failing, brought down with it a whole structure of good work and high hopes. For the Pirringtons, young husband and wife, opened Grey Houses, the school, together as partners: their joint good sense and energy, their love for each other and faith in each other's powers went into the venture. Thus, the arrival of the first eight little boys, on the first day of the first term of the new school, has, as described, a sort of lyrical touch. At the outset, "H," the ex-Naval officer, and his wife had not a reason to doubt they

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

HOW strange is the contrariness of the human spirit! How

By Richard King

often the joys of the present are marred by the joys we have lost, though we never appreciated them until they were ours no more! On the other hand, those which we have not yet enjoyed we believe contain for us the whole kernel of happiness. The spring is rarely so vivid as when we are in the depths of winter, and London never so alluring as when we are likely to be buried in the country for months on end! Thus we are never content with what is, and yet, later on, wonder why we were not happier when what is becomes what was!

It is not surprising, therefore, that people hang on desperately to the belief in another life when, usually too late, they realise how they muddled and wasted the years which will never, never return. Poor human nature, which flowers too late and withers too soon, fading away at last so puzzled and so little convinced! Anything which will afford an explanation of it all is seized upon like so many last straws.

There is no remedy, I suppose, but it is some consolation to guess at causes. And one of these is that most of us, without anything really to worry about, will nevertheless create our own troubles. Create them and, in too many instances, cosset them. Nobody likes to be described as happy—it sounds so dull and undramatic!—but most of us like to be considered brave. Thus, without the least encouragement, we love to enumerate our woes, while ignoring their compensations.

Consequently, you will find the most unfortunate are outwardly the most

cheerful (when there is nothing else to be done about real tragedy but to face up to it, cheerfulness remains our only secret weapon, lest we go under), while those who could and should be gay and helpful wallow in their pet afflictions, buttonholing all and sundry to hear them out. There is far louder talk of war, far more eager interest to listen to terrorising details, in those towns and villages which have never felt its fury than where the horror of loss and devastation has been known and endured. War films, tales of murder, passionate love-stories, long accounts of sin and degradation are always most popular among those who lead quiet lives. The easy tear, the shocked expression, never goes very deep.

Thus, instinctively we turn a good part of life into a tale of pure fiction. What was once ours but is ours no longer becomes all-important; we endow the future with golden fulfilments; we rarely rest satisfied with what belongs to us at the moment through which we live. So we pass our days in a state of discontent, which is rarely divine. And yet happiness is made up almost entirely of those little things of everyday life which we ignore until the threat of their loss makes us realise that they belong to the precariousness of life itself. Sometimes, indeed, we have to lose them for a while in order that we may really live at all—contentedly, cheerfully, feelingly, with a sense of proportion, a sense of humour, any common sense whatsoever.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



McCabe — Hall

Dr. H. F. (Michael) McCabe, son of the late William McCabe and Mrs. McCabe, of Rathgar, Dublin, married Joan K. Hall, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Hall, of Hinton Lodge, Walton-on-Thames, at St. Charles Borromeo, Weybridge.



Claremont — Hughes

Lt. S. Stopford Claremont, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Cdr. Claremont, R.N., and Mrs. Claremont, M.B.E., married Gwen Hughes, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. M. Hughes, of 35, Kensington Square, S.W., at St. Mary Abbots Church, Kensington.



Svensson — Davies

Lt. John Svensson, R.A.S.C., son of Capt. J. E. Svensson, of North Waltham, and of the late Hon. Mrs. Svensson, married Christine Susan Nethersole Davies, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davies, of Caistor Old Hall, Norwich, at St. Edmund's, Caistor.



Jones — Rae-Martin

Capt. Jack Anthony Piers Jones, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Capt. and Mrs. W. Piers Jones, of Llanmerch Park, St. Asaph, and Pamela Sara Rae-Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rae-Martin, of Park House, Dilkeat, Somerset, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



McLeod — Bland

John Morgan McLeod, son of the late John McLeod and Mrs. McLeod, of 7, Ettrick Road, Edinburgh, married Rosemary Bland, daughter of Col. and Mrs. M. G. Bland, of Chartfield Avenue, Putney, at St. John's Church, Putney.



Browne — Smith

Capt. Thomas Gillespie Browne, R.E., son of Major and Mrs. H. G. Browne, of Warlingham, Surrey, and Susan Monica Smith, second daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur F. Smith, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., and the Hon. Lady Smith, were married at Pirbright Parish Church.



Osborn — Mann

John Dennis Osborn, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Osborn, of 33, Langbourn Mansions, Highgate, married Joan Stanton Mann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Mann, of Jersey, Channel Islands, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Adnitt — Campbell

Major Norman Charles Adnitt, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Adnitt, of Northampton, and Agnes Jean Campbell, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Greenock, were married at St. Paul's Church, Greenock.



Stevens — Deuchar

Major Leslie John Stevens, R.A.S.C., son of the late P. H. Stevens and Mrs. Stevens, of Northampton, married Maureen Beatrice Deuchar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Deuchar, of Inchdara, North Berwick, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

has sold their lovely house Amport, as they found it too big for nowadays, and they have bought a smaller one near Chichester.

Ireland was represented by Mr. Peter Burrell and Mrs. Denis Daly, who were having a cocktail together one evening. She was over seeing her husband, Colonel Daly; they own one of the most beautiful places in Ireland—Russborough, near Blessington—and usually have a few good horses in training with Roderic More O'Ferrall. Mr. Burrell manages the National Stud in Kildare, and was responsible for the matings which produced Big Game and Sun Chariot, so we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

Mr. "Attie" Persse, famous trainer of The Tetrarch and so many other good winners, and ex-Master of the Limerick hounds, took Lady Londesborough, his wife and their son, Mr. John Persse, to the St. James's to see Turgenyev's *A Month in the Country*, in which Ronald Squire is acting. Before her marriage Mrs. Persse acted as Emily Brooke, and had the leading part with Ronald Squire in "Bulldog Drummond." After the show the other night Ronald Squire joined the party for dinner at Quaglino's.

Wedding

MADONNA lilies and white flowering blossom were massed at the Guards' Chapel for the wedding of Capt. Denis Alexander to Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, and at the Belgian Embassy, where Lady Kemsley held a crowded reception, the young couple stood against the grand piano between tall vases filled with seemingly every kind of white spring flowers. Indeed, it was an all-white wedding, for the bridal gown was of chalk-white crepe, made with great simplicity, the only decoration being the row of silver-centred buttons up the front. There was no train proper, but masses of foamy tulle fell from a wonderful diamond head-band, the wedding present from the bride's mother and stepfather, Lady and Lord Kemsley. The best man, Capt. the Hon. Neville Berry, made a witty speech in proposing the health of the newly-wed pair, praising stepmothers and stepsisters and referring to the bridegroom's gallant uncle, General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, to whom all were asked to wish good luck. When the groom responded, he happily made reference to the Belgian Ambassador, thanking him for lending his house and expressing the hope that it would not be long before his country was rid of the invader. Lady Margaret Alexander was there with her children, and so was her mother, Lady Lucan. Practically every Embassy sent its Ambassador, and it was particularly fitting that among them should be the Netherlands Ambassador, for the bride's father, Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, is a Dutchman. In the throng at the reception, I caught a glimpse of the Duke of Marlborough, peering above the heads of guests, who also included the Duchess of Westminster, Lady O'Neill, Lady Jean Rankin, Lady Errington and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, and Lady Ursula Vernon. Lady Bruntisfield was wearing a diamond eagle brooch given to her by her eldest son, the Hon. John Warrender. It is the badge of his regiment, the Scots Greys, and not the Polish emblem, as many people seemed to think. Several M.P.s were there, including Lord Winterton (with his wife); the Hon. William Astor and Mr. Henry Channon. The young people included Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon, with the latter's mother, Lady Elles, as well as several in uniform, including Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy, Mrs. Parker Bowles and Miss Sarah Dashwood. Miss Pamela Newall was not wearing her W.A.A.F. uniform on this occasion.



The 250,000th Parcel

Brydon, Selkirk

Lady Sybil Middleton, elder sister of the Earl of Grey, packed the 250,000th parcel to be despatched from the Packing Depot of the Red Cross Parcels for Prisoners of War at Hawick, Roxburghshire. Lady Sybil was Commandant of the Dorchester House Hospital for Officers and was awarded the O.B.E. in 1918. On her right is the Countess of Minto, and on her left, Mrs. Adams

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

could work together. And the school itself—a pleasant old manor-house on the downs, near the sea, with a straightforward curriculum, neither snobbish nor cranky—reflected the cheerfulness of the two who had set it up.

All promised well—and, where the children were concerned, the promise fulfilled itself. One's respect for Mrs. Pirrington steadily rises as one sees how the pain and decay she felt in her own life, in her marriage, were not allowed to seep through to the little boys. She had meant to play a no more than secondary part: it was with pleasure that she watched, at the beginning, her husband holding the centre of the stage. "H." was no snuffy schoolmaster: good-looking, active and cheerful, and still with the breeziness of the Navy about him, he made the ideal hero, as well as mentor, for little boys. But ultimately, she was the better man—and it is endlessly miserable for a woman to be a better man than the man she loves. If Mrs. Pirrington did not cause, she could not cure the inferiority complex that drove "H." into a series of ostentatious affairs with the local belles.

Beside the Seaside

PARENTS (a fantastic crew, by her showing), the matron and an occasional problem child were taken by Mrs. Pirrington in her stride—indeed, her relationship with the little boys (most unlike that of the officially "motherly" headmaster's wife) strikes one as unique; it appears inspired. It was local society, the gang of jolly good sorts, who, ever-present, queered the Pirrington's marriage. With the gang, "H." found his level; his wife failed to find hers. It was a case (to put the matter extremely mildly) of not speaking the same language. The reputation of being highbrow followed poor Mrs. Pirrington around the bars, golf clubs, pubs and dance-floors of Seabeach and the not distant Ringbourne, like an unholy wraith. She was found to lack the temperament of the pub-crawler. Her few attempts at repartee were received with gloom.

Having met, through appalling and ruthless chapters of *Long Division*, the Garsides, the Carsons and the Bellings, one cannot think less of Mrs. Pirrington for her failure to shine in this particular sphere. It is evident that the English mid-middle classes do not go gay well. Maudie Garside, with her small squashed yellow face, her American sailor's hat, her spotty chin and her cartwheels, Mrs. Belling, on whose bed forever reposed a Micky Mouse in naval uniform, Mrs. Carson with her "Ta awfully"—these are creatures of nightmare, and, still, unnervingly living. By comparison, the ill-fated Dotty, the sports girl, appears an angel—and, anyway, she died young.

The gay Maudie is the first of "H.'s" loves; the bronzed Dotty the second. Many more are to follow. Each affair is conducted with the maximum of publicity, of support from the gay set and of humiliation for Mrs. Pirrington. The portrait of "H." himself is remarkable—loving and ruthless at the same time. Heaping reproach on his wife for her local social failure, he is, in reality, exacerbated by her more or less unconscious contempt for his kind of social success. She, working hard all the time to build up the school, hopes at the same time to build up his self-esteem—for which, at the moment, he seeks the necessary balm in the admiration of second-rate little women.

Were *Long Division* merely the chronicle of an injured wife, it would make, if sad, far from unusual reading. But there is something sombre, detached, fatalistic, untearful, and in a way rather masculine in the manner in which the story is told. And there is always the element—the remaining healthy element—of the school, the children. The little boys are extremely likeable—and, more, one feels they could not have been better drawn. They are by no means angels, but they are human—most of the grown-up characters are sub-human. . . . I admired and hope you will also note and admire, the almost faultless construction of *Long Division*. I have not met a better-built novel for a long time.

Poetry

"ONE OF THE FEW" (Favil Press; 2s. 6d.) is a book of poems dedicated by Chloris Heaton Ross to her husband, Sgt./Pilot David Ross, missing, presumed killed, in the Battle of Britain, September, 1940. "Nations grieve no more than grieves one heart"—I found in this line, as in many others, truths of love and sorrow, simply expressed but with that transference of words by feeling that makes poetry. These poems are true because they are deeply felt, and great because they are universal. Unlike so much that is written under the stress of war, they sound no note that is exalted or over-strained. The joy and pain the writer has known have been raised to a level above self.

Every human heart, I believe, is capable of poetry. In wartime, poetry lies nearer the surface. Why does it so seldom find its way out?

The pure expression of *One of the Few* is rare—and I believe that this book will speak for many. It is hard to isolate any one of these poems, as they all blend in one's feeling, into a moving whole. But I found I returned most often to "We Heard the Last Post," "The Bird and the Monoplane," "David to St. John," and the Marriage Sonnets.

Suggestions

"SIMPLE AMERICAN DISHES," by Ambrose Heath (Faber and Faber; 3s. 6d.), should be of great use to the wartime housekeeper. Excellent transatlantic ideas are given, and no recipe needs ingredients that are not obtainable here and now. Welcome these variations for the eternal rabbit! Pears in Cheese Pastry, Lobster Chowder, Creole Cauliflower and Prune Roll were among many that had a tasty sound.



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Table Waters

CLASSIC WEDDING DRESS

Classic simplicity is the characteristic feature of the lovely wedding dress on the right. It was designed and carried out by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. Before dwelling on its artistic merit, emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm have a limited number of lengths of pre-war manufactures which are particularly suitable for bridal dresses. They may be made up to suit the personality of the prospective wearer. Reverting to the model portrayed, it is expressed in moiré interwoven with silver, the design being arranged to bring out the most becoming points of the figure. As will be seen, the headdress is of the coronet character and is carried out in lace and relieved with flowers to match the bouquet. There are also frocks entirely carried out in lace, the veils often being heirlooms, and others that are destined for wear at informal weddings. These, generally speaking, are expressed in pastel shades of crêpe

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



BEAUTY FOR THE BRIDE

It is pleasant news that the Coty "Air Spun" Powder remains the same in quality, quantity and price, but the decorative boxes have disappeared, the new pack being styled its battledress, as its use is a saving of precious cardboard. As will be remembered, "Air Spun" is the powder that does not cause enlarged pores and remains on for a lengthened period without adhesive aid. The excellence of the Coty preparations is acknowledged all the world over. It is therefore to be regretted that the supply is strictly limited, hence great care is necessary in its application. Lipsticks must be used to the very end, and the colour is of the utmost importance, also the manner in which it is applied. Let it be remembered that the contour of the lips may be varied with the help of a lipstick, which must never be kept in an overheated atmosphere, as it has a deleterious effect on it





BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI



'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Paper People

THAT old problem of how far the paper people may take charge of the others is cropping up again. The "still and silent part" is not under-rated, but there does seem to be something to be said in favour of the manual worker, a term which includes the air pilot as well as all members of the ground crew.

Old-fashioned progress put the manual worker in successively more responsible positions until he was finally changed from a manual worker into a paper person. Thus the air pilot, after flying passengers about the world for some years, would eventually attain to the elevation of an office desk and would thereafter direct other pilots to fly passengers about the world.

But that method seems to be dying. The modern idea seems to be that the paper men are best recruited from those who have been paper men all their lives. The air pilot can no longer aspire to an old age spent with his feet on the desk—they will remain on the rudder bar until he is forced to retire.

All of which leads to profound modifications in the structure of British aviation. There the control instead of being vested in the pilots who have completed a good spell of active flying and who wish to turn to more sedentary occupations, is vested in the supercharged clerks who have always specialised in sedentary occupations.

So aviation passes into the hands of the non-aviators. What they will do of it remains to be seen. They have always been present to some extent, flying, having been extremely dangerous in the past, did not often permit a man to survive the period of graduation from the piloting stage to the administrative. But now the non-aviators are pouring into aviation like an entered tide. Let them luck and hope that they will at least not make a bigger mess of it than the aviators.

Report on America

NO keener observer exists than Sir Roy Fedden. He it was who estimated German aircraft production position correctly when most other people, including the government of this country, were living in a beautiful dream. Now he has been to America and examined the United States aircraft industry.

He gives a report which shows that the American effort is staggering in magnitude. Nothing like it has been seen before even in the super-product field of the motor car. The Americans are rushing ahead in the quantity and the quality of their aircraft at a rate which will astonish the world.

We have always known America to be the land of large-scale series production. It thinks in thousands where other countries are thinking in tens. We have known that the idea that American goods pay for their huge quantities by being poor in quality is untrue.

Some of the American mass-produced motor cars had begun to teach people in Britain that it was possible to combine quantity with quality before war. The problem is more difficult with aircraft. But it is not insoluble.

The latest American war machines are of good quality and they are beginning to pour from the factories. Moreover the Americans are keeping large numbers of draughtsmen and engineers busy. They seem to favour a proportion of these men to the total labour force in an aircraft factory than we do.

That again helps to keep up quality. Their existing, standardised, bombers and fighters have earned good opinions over here—especially the bombers. Other, new ones, are coming along. One day the Axis will regret that the great machine country came into the greatest machine war.

One Statement

I WAS glad to see the question of Allied air communiqués coming into the air again—I think as a result of a report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure. I have always held and advocated that, as there is need for a combined staff (the official view used to be that the term "joint" should be reserved for inter-Service matters) for the Allied forces, so there should be a combined office of information.

In Parliament about a fortnight ago, members were acclaiming the B.I. They were showing that they recognised that the strongest thing in the world is an idea. But in the handling of Service news there is no similar recognition.

The Air Ministry communiqués are well adapted to their purpose. They are brief and succinctly the facts. The Air Ministry news stories or bulletins are rather less well adapted to their purpose although they have vastly improved in quality since the early days of the war. But there are no combined communiqués giving an overall account of the war in the air.

In my opinion Anglo-American relationships—always delicate and difficult—would be vastly aided by such combined communiqués and also by the creation of a combined office of air war information.

While there are different departments dealing with these things, there is the risk of conflict and uncertainty, and of the credit for great deeds being given to a wrong or ill-aimed emphasis.

Let us plead, therefore, for a unified method of distributing war information as there is a unification of command in the great theatres of war.



A Wheel Demonstration

Air Commodore J. R. Cassin introduced the Aero Wheel to the R.A.F. in 1937, when he was at Cranwell. His son, Michael John, is seen above showing his father how to use his own invention.



Men's clothes by

Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE disappointed customer walked into the bird store. He carried a canary he had purchased just one week before. And he scowled heavily as he approached the proprietor.

"I purchased this canary here last week," he stated, "and I'm telling you right here and now that it's a dud. I haven't heard a chirp out of this bird since I bought it. And I'm here to tell you that I want my money back."

The proprietor coughed slightly.

"Just a moment, sir," he countered. "This is very hard to believe. Why, this bird comes from a famous breed of English canaries—the world's best warblers. Are you certain this bird doesn't sing at all?"

The customer nodded sadly.

"It's absolutely hopeless," he said. "I watched it take a bath—and even then it doesn't sing!"

THE other day an excited woman rushed in and threw a faded apron on the counter in a department store.

"Look at this!" cried the customer. "Just look at it!"

"I'm looking at it," said the girl behind the counter. "What about it?"

"What about it?" shouted the woman. "Why, when you sold me this apron you said its colour was fast. And what happened? The colour came out at the very first washing!"

The girl looked surprised.

"Well," she inquired, "wasn't that fast?"

A HERMIT died, leaving twenty thousand pounds in an old deserted hut. The old man was reputed to be mad, but his relatives were all there!



A Leading Lady in "La-di-Da-di-Da"

Miss Greta Fayne is one of the leading ladies in the new show at the Victoria Palace. "La-di-Da-di-Da," so-called after Noel Gay's successful song, is based on a musical farce written by the late Stanley Lupino ten years ago. It is presented by Lupino Lane (Stanley Lupino's cousin), who himself stars in the production. Also in the cast are Richard Dolman, Wallace Lupino and an excellent cabaret turn, Nita and Noni

THE Sunday-school lesson was from II Kings xxi, and read: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem."

On describing the lesson to his mother, John, aged five, said: "The lesson was about a good rain, and there was a little boy named Josiah, and it began to rain when he was eight, and when he was thirty-one it was still drizzling."

ITEM in a German Army magazine found in Libya:

Italian War Communique: On the front a large force of Italians attacked an enemy cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting they were able to puncture his tyres. The front wheel was destroyed, while the loss of the rear wheel must also be considered probable.

The handlebars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is still being bitterly contested.

ON being beaten with a stick, a stag turned on the culprit and killed him. When his friends arrived they found the deer departed.

DURING a camping weekend an officer in the Home Guard saw one of his men trying to cook his breakfast over a very badly-built fire. So he showed him the proper way to do it, and explained:

"When I was in the Himalayas I often had to hunt for my breakfast. I used to walk about two miles into the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, and then cook and eat it and be back in the camp under half an hour. I suppose you've heard of the Himalayas?" he added unwisely.

"I have sir," said the Home Guard solemnly. "And also of Ananias and George Washington."

"SAH," said Rastus, the coloured servant, "dey a man outside who wants to see you 'bout collectin' a bill. He wouldn't give his name."

"What does he look like?" asked his employer. "He looks lak you better pay it," came the reply.

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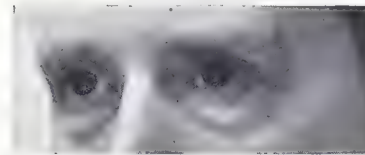
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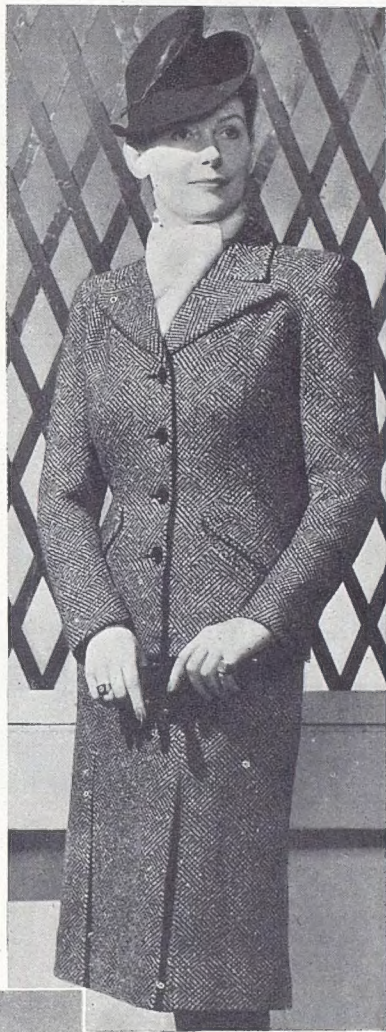
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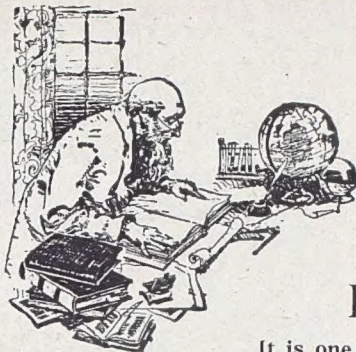
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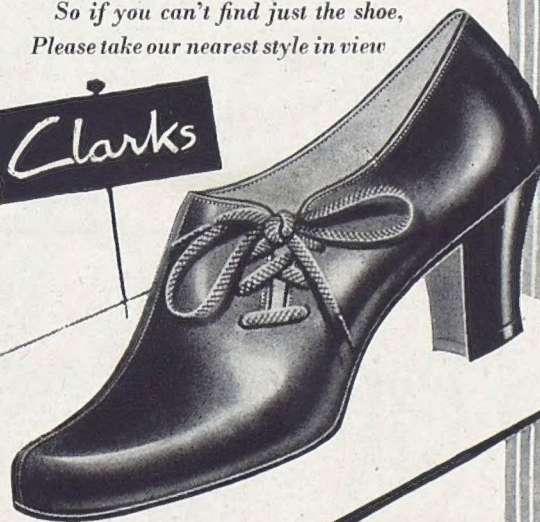
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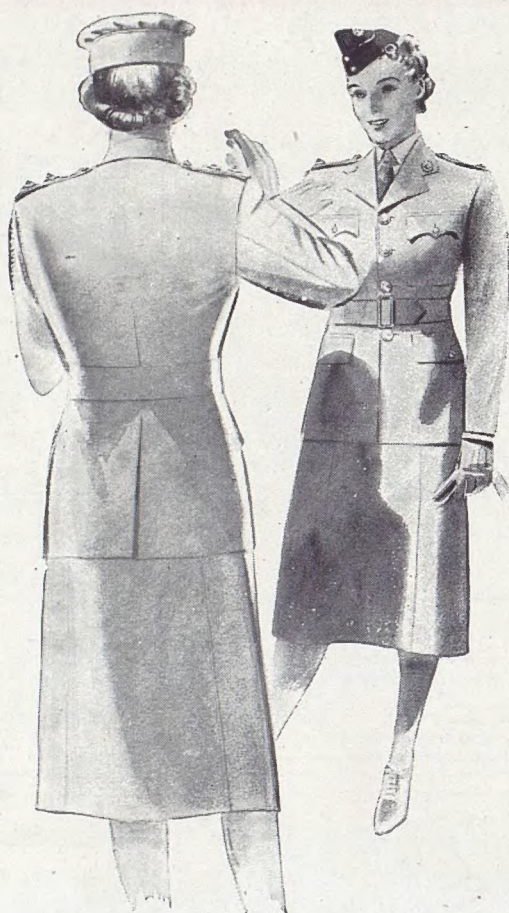
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